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CONVICT LABOUR AND HARBOURS OF REFUGE.

THE distribution of convict labour in England, Scotland, and Ireland is just now attracting great attention. In October 1881, a Committee was appointed to consider this question, and they have lately completed and published their Report. The rapidly approaching completion of some of those large public works on which convicts have for many years been engaged, necessitated a speedy consideration of the subject of their future employment. The Committee were chiefly concerned to examine into and decide between the merit of no fewer than sixteen schemes, of which that of harbour-construction was at once decided upon as the most important and the most practicable; and it only remained for them to consider what locality was the most suitable for the object in view.

The practice of employing convicts in executing large public works has long been regarded as a necessary element in our penal system, and Dover has been chosen as the first convict dépôt in consequence of the authorities having determined to construct a pier and breakwater, to form, with the existing Admiralty pier, a national harbour at that port. The abolition of transportation, which was at first a temporary expedient, but ultimately became permanent, first rendered it necessary to provide occupation for convicts at home, the immediate result of which was the establishment of Portland Prison in 1848, and, subsequently, the alteration of the old prison-of-war at Dartmoor in 1850, the opening of the prison at Portsmouth in 1852, and at Chatham in 1856. The experiment proved to be very successful. The construction of the magnificent breakwater and fortifications at Portland, now all but completed, is in itself a substantial proof of the utility of employing convicts in this way, and goes to show that it is quite possible to make them repay to the public a considerable proportion of the cost of their maintenance. Similarly, the dockyard extensions at Portsmouth and

Chatham, and the reclamation and cultivation of waste upland at Dartmoor, are satisfactory indications that the crank and the treadmill have been wisely placed in limbo, and lead us to hope that 'hard labour' will no longer be merely an expensive and fruitless part of the punishment of prisoners.

The necessary conditions for the satisfactory employment of convict labour are, that the works on which they are engaged should be capable of affording occupation to a large number of convicts simultaneously and for a considerable period. The expense and difficulty of finding suitable sites for prisons, and of erecting proper buildings, render it difficult to house small parties of convicts, as would have to be done if the works upon which they were engaged were small, and such as could be completed in a short time. Thus, the erection of walls along the coast of the Fen-country in England, to keep out the sea, has often been suggested as a suitable occupation; but the difficulties which the employment of prisoners in small scattered parties, the interruption and irregularity which would be caused by the tides, and the prospective disadvantages in connection with sanitary considerations, are such that schemes of this kind have had to be finally negatived.

The formation of harbours is admittedly the most important of all suggested projects. Whether as harbours of refuge, or for commercial purposes, or for the purposes of national defence, from all parts of the coast-line of Great Britain come urgent appeals for increased accommodation. In connection with convict labour, however, the paramount consideration is the suitability of any proposed locality in situation and otherwise for such a purpose. It is only after this crucial question has been decided that it is necessary to consider whether refuge, commercial, or defensive purposes should have the preference. It seems from the action of the authorities in selecting Dover, that national defence should be our first care; for it is admitted that so far as refuge is concerned the proposed harbour at Dover is

of secondary importance. Filey, which was also suggested, is, on the other hand, one of the places where a harbour of refuge is greatly needed, and it is reasonably contended that its position with reference to the Dogger Bank would make such a harbour of the utmost importance to the North Sea fishing-fleet. It is at the same time admitted that its suitability for the employment of convicts is even greater than that of Dover, and that it is no less capable of becoming a most important harbour for national and strategic purposes. In view of these circumstances, it is difficult to understand upon what considerations, other than those that are purely defensive, Dover has been selected in preference to Filey.

It is easy to find many other localities where harbour-works are no less urgently needed, although, of course, many of these are ill adapted for convict prisons. Thus, at Penlee Point, a breakwater is much wanted to shut out the heavy seas from Plymouth Sound and to render the anchorage more safe. Again, if Brixham Harbour, Torbay, were improved, it would be of the greatest use in heavy weather to ships trading up and down Channel. Alderney breakwater needs repairing and freshoring. Harbours of refuge are required at Padstow, St Heliers, Dungeness, and at a great number of other places on the coast, for the protection, more especially, of fishing and coasting vessels; while, on the Scotch coast, Dunbar, Fraserburgh, and Peterhead are named as in pressing want of similar works.

The proposed harbour at Peterhead is especially important, both on account of the peculiarly urgent necessity for its construction, and because it is an eminently suitable locality for the employment of Scotch convicts. Under present arrangements, male convicts sentenced in Scotland are, as soon as possible thereafter, transferred under the Secretary of State's warrant to one of the English close convict prisons, where they pass a probationary period of nine months. They are then drafted to one of the public-works prisons in England, where they pass the remainder of their sentence of penal servitude. It has long been reasonably urged that Scotch convicts might be more advantageously employed on public works designed for the benefit of Scotland. In May 1882—the latest date for which figures are available—there were in the different English convict prisons seven hundred and seventy-one male convicts who had been sentenced in Scotland, and, of these, five or six hundred could be fully employed at Peterhead. If the project is considered in the first place only so far as the employment of convicts is concerned, it should be noticed that an old ropery, situated between the proposed south breakwater and the town, is reported to be capable of accommodating one hundred convicts; and an unused storehouse near the end of the north breakwater as capable of holding two hundred more. The facilities for isolating the prisoners from the neighbouring population, and housing them close to the works, with an abundant water-supply, and in a healthy situation, are indeed so considerable, that the suitability of the locality for a Scotch convict prison is placed beyond a doubt, and could certainly not be surpassed.

It only remains to consider the urgency of the need for this contemplated harbour of

refuge—a question which can be conclusively answered. The north-east coast of Scotland is almost entirely bounded by rocky cliffs; and the strong easterly gales which are so prevalent there, render it peculiarly dangerous to shipping and especially to fishing-boats. Although the most important of the Scottish fishery-stations are situated here, it is a notorious fact that there is not a single port along the whole coast, from the Firth of Forth to Cromarty Firth, to which vessels and boats can run with safety during boisterous weather. Peterhead was recommended by a Royal Commission so long ago as 1859 as the most eligible bay on the east coast of Scotland for refuge purposes; but owing to the local authorities being unable to raise the necessary funds, nothing has yet been done to remedy this disastrous state of things. As an instance of the interests involved in this undertaking, we may state that the number of boats fishing at stations on the coast from Montrose on the south to Burghhead on the north, of which Peterhead is the centre, amounted in 1881 to two thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, manned by about eighteen thousand and eighty-seven men and boys. The value of this property was put at eight hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and no fewer than fifteen thousand persons were employed in this industry on shore. It has also been calculated that the annual loss in the Scotch herring-trade in consequence of the want of adequate accommodation, such as it is proposed to offer at Peterhead, amounts to upwards of sixty thousand pounds. These figures are enough to indicate that, apart from humanitarian considerations, the commercial interests involved in this question are of some magnitude. It is certainly to be hoped that the authorities will feel the pressure of such facts as these. The evidence is indeed so overwhelmingly in favour of the practicability and desirability of the project, that it may be confidently hoped it will not be long before something is actually done. Now that it is necessary to revise the arrangements for the disposal of convicts, the opportunity of successfully urging the claims of Peterhead is too good to be lost.

It has never been the policy of the British government to assist the fishing industry from the public funds. It has been left to itself to provide harbours, in exactly the same way as the commercial marine. But the cases are not parallel. Fishermen, who have been aptly described as 'the peasant farmers of the sea,' are, of course, mostly poor men. The fishing interest is not sufficiently large in any one locality to enable it to provide harbours constructed on any but a small scale, and one limited to trade purposes only. It is hopeless to expect that the moneyed classes interested in the fish-trade will construct works of public utility and national importance, though facilities are offered for local authorities borrowing funds for such a purpose from the government at low rates of interest. But few local authorities would be justified in borrowing money which it is exceedingly unlikely they would ever be able to pay back, and the interest of which could only be paid by charging heavy dues, which would go far to minimise the advantages offered by a harbour of refuge. In many localities,

indeed—and it would be difficult to find a better illustration of this than Peterhead—where there are practically no local funds available for such a purpose, harbours of any but the most meagre description must be constructed out of public funds, or not at all.

It will not perhaps be readily credited, but there is too much reason to fear that shipowners and persons having an interest in shipping are opposed to harbours of refuge. They are content to pay tolls for lighthouses, because these facilitate rapidly and certainty of passage; but harbours of refuge are regarded as offering distinct inducements to captains to waste time. According to Sir John Coode, C.E., the sailors examined before the Harbour of Refuge Commission in 1859 represented that the shipowners did not seem to mind whether the ship sunk or not, and that all they appeared to care about was a quick passage. Doubtless, there are many shipowners who are strongly interested in the preservation of life at sea; but it is greatly to be feared that many others are most culpably selfish in their views concerning questions of this kind. It is, therefore, quite hopeless to expect that owners interested in keeping their vessels at sea and fully insured, will contribute to any great extent towards the construction of ports *better adapted for safety than for trade*; and it seems obvious that the interests of humanity demand that the state policy upon this question should undergo some modification to meet the necessity of the times, and to protect the toilers of the sea, who are in such matters wholly unable to protect themselves.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE LAST OF THE NOBLE WILFRED.

'EARTH to earth, dust to dust.' Solemn words are these, which have been repeated millions of times on the brink of the grave freshly dug. But there is a difference in earth, and the value of dust varies. The dust of the late Marquis of Leominster was of the more precious variety—gold-dust or diamond-dust, so to speak—and it was to be laid to rest with becoming pomp and costly decorum. The yacht, with the remains of her late noble owner on board, had made an exceptionally good passage from Alexandria to Cardiff, thanks to propitious breezes and the vigorous aid of a relay of useful, ugly, snorting steam-tugs; and a great London firm of fashionable undertakers had done the rest—a labour of love with them, to whom each titled client was an excellent advertisement. Very elaborate, and it need not be said very expensive, were the preparations for the interment. Heralds of the Earl-marshal's official College had not disdained to earn extraneous fees by giving their best attention to the nice adjustment of the numerous quarterings in the gorgeous hatchment. Almost from the hour when electricity had flashed the news of the late lord's death on distant Nile, the dismal purveyors for the last sad luxury that surrounds the rich, had set their ministering sprites to work, and with very good and suffi-

cient results, remote as Castel Vawr is from London.

They gave the late Marquis of Leominster a very fine funeral. Wales is a country where gentry, and resident gentry, are scarce; and not over-popular in many cases among their humbler neighbours, whose pride it is to regard their Squires as aliens, and to use the Welsh speech wherever considerations of money-making do not interfere with Cymric sentiment. But even from the stony roads of Wales came many carriages to reinforce the muster, thrice as great, from the fertile English border shires. There were local magnates in numbers, who desired to pay a tribute of respect to the deceased chief of so great a House as that of Montgomery-Leominster. There were tenants too, and miners and field-hinds, who were moved by some touch of feeling, or instinct of gregariousness, or consideration of expediency, to be there; and then there were inquisitive people who went to see the show as they would have gone to see any show; so that altogether the procession was enormously swollen by contingents of horsemen and pedestrians. But all wore black, or that partial badge of mourning which with the needy represents the solemn suits of our ceremony-loving ancestors; and all preserved a serious bearing, such as due courtesy demanded.

As to genuine grief for the dead lord, there could be little of that expected from any save his young widow. The late Marquis had not reigned long enough to leave his mark for good or ill on the vast landed property that he had inherited, and his vassals had but a vague recollection of him as a delicate, pallid boy, a sickly, gentle-spoken young man, credited with good intentions and a kind heart—credited also with being crotchety and whimsical. He was known to have theories and pet projects that he never had health and time to broach, much less to carry out in the teeth of the inevitable opposition that awaits all our projects and all our theories. Perhaps the late Marquis was not man enough to have carried out his schemes for the public welfare, generous as they no doubt were, fanciful as they may have been. It wants a good deal of virile force, of dogged pertinacity, to reform anything, even an estate or a village, even a turnpike trust or a Board of Guardians. But somehow the people around Castel Vawr had an indulgent feeling towards the young lord who had had so little enjoyment of the splendid prize he had drawn in the lottery of birth, and were willing to do honour to him, as well as to the mighty race from which he sprung.

Yes; it was a fine funeral. Messrs Toll and Muffle, the fashionable undertakers above mentioned, had paid Castel Vawr the rare compliment of letting this exceptional pageant be, like some tours, personally conducted. 'Our' Mr Muffle himself, the real head of the firm, was present; and mutes and pall-bearers and coachmen, the whole black army of woe, felt as it were their general's eye upon them, and surpassed themselves in sober discipline and accurate attention to detail. The noble black horses had never looked sleeker or prouder, with their glossy necks well arched, and their heavy silken manes as carefully adjusted as the hair of a court

beauty. The new ostrich plumes, in their silver-gilt stands, nodded in unison with the flapping velvet of the embroidered caparisons. There were the gilded shields on the hearse and on the coffin—or casket, as the Americans are pleased to call it—with its costly materials and deft workmanship. The flag on the topmost turret of Castel Vawr floated half-mast high in the Welsh mountain breeze. It was a long line of carriages, followed by a long line of riders and foot-people, that wound along the upland road through the park to that remote spot where stood the mausoleum, hard by the ruins of an ancient chapelry, neglected since the Reformation, where so many Montgomeries slept beneath massive stonework and behind railings of parcel-gilt iron. The weather was propitious, without so much as a shower to smirch the bravery of the show. And London newspapers gave a fair half-column, and country journals a liberal portion of their space, to the chronicle of the event, much to the future benefit, in a business sense, of Messrs Toll and Muffle, of Killjoy Street, S.W.

The saddest mourners are not those who take rank in the procession that follows the body to the grave. They are the women who sit at home with aching hearts, and eyes that are blurred and dimmed by tears, thinking ever and always of the lost, and believing—as women do in the single-hearted unselfish passion of the moment—that gnawing grief and carking care and vain regret must be their share of life henceforth; that the world will never be so pleasant, the sun never shine so brightly again, now that the dear one is gone and the loved voice hushed for ever. Surely it must have been hard to bear, that trying morning, for the fair mourner, as she sat in her darkened room, listening to the deep notes of the bell tolling in the valley below, and the sullen roar of the cannon as the minute-guns were fired during the march from the castle to the mausoleum; for the eminent undertakers had neglected nothing that could enhance the impressiveness of the occasion. The young Lady Paramount of the place had no kinswoman of her own, no old friend, to bear her company; only, for consolation, the brief visits of frigid Lady Barbara, whose nature was not over-sympathetic, and whose mind was engrossed by the ceremonial itself, and the evidence which it afforded that the House of Montgomery was yet a power in the land.

There were old friends of the family whom it behoved Lady Barbara to see, ere the gathering broke up. And then she had to speak a civil word or two to the new Marquis of Leominster, who had been so long known, and perhaps laughed at, in Pall-Mall regions as Adolphus or 'Dolly' Montgomery, and who had come down out of pure politeness, and because the undertakers seemed to expect it, and the lawyers hinted that it was right to be chief-mourner at the obsequies of his cousin—his cousin, who was barely an acquaintance.

'But I hardly knew him to speak to,' the new peer had said deprecatingly to his own imperious solicitor, Mr Tape (Tape and Ferret, Lincoln's Inn).

'There are duties, I must point out, incumbent on your new position, my lord,' rejoined inexor-

able Mr Tape; 'and I can assure you, Pounce and Pontifex, who acted for the late Marquis, take it as a matter of course that you should attend.'

So, in a shy, almost apologetic manner the present peer did attend, and allowed himself to be shuffled by the managers, so to speak, of the funeral entertainment into the post of honour; and then confronted the ordeal, from which he flinched, of a short conversation with Lady Barbara, who stiffly thanked him for coming there, but let him see pretty plainly that she resented his promotion, based as it was on the extinction of her own branch of the family. And the new Marquis, as he was speeding back by rail to London, felt himself a little injured, and but half a lord of Leominster, since he had seen stately Castel Vawr, that was left for life to a mere chit of a girl, and would probably never pass under the mastership of that mature bachelor whom his friends knew as 'Dolly.'

There was a good deal of stealthy eating and drinking at the castle, of course, in that hospitable district, with luncheon for all, wine for the chief guests, ale for the miners and the peasantry; and then the crowd dispersed as silently as rolling wheels and beating horse-hoofs would permit, and the sad day at length came to a finish. On the next, the flag that had floated half-mast high on the lofty flag-turret of the old Border stronghold was to be hauled down altogether, for their young mistress and Lady Barbara were bound for London. They had written, according to their previously expressed intentions, to Sir Pagan Carew, and to that sister of his who had found shelter, in the hour of doubt and distress, beneath his roof in Bruton Street. And the young lady in her widow's weeds almost wearied Lady Barbara by the frequency of her allusions to this change of residence, as involving a prospect of reclaiming the truant.

'I shall win her back to me.'—'Do you not believe, Lady Barbara, that Cora will come back?' she would say; and the haughty chatelaine of Castel Vawr, looking as unbendingly severe as that Queen Elizabeth to whom she was thought to bear some resemblance, drily said that she 'hoped Miss Carew would awake to a sense of duty.'

Next day, both ladies, with servants, baggage, carriages, all the impediments to easy locomotion that surround the great, left Castel Vawr for Leominster House, London, W.

(To be continued.)

BABY'S SHARE OF POETRY.

'WHAT! the poetical aspect of the baby—poetry among the screams of the nursery!' exclaims the acute reader, jumping to his own conclusions. 'Absurd! There's nothing of the sort in real life. Bottles and rattles, wet mouth and bald head, teething and tumbling, squeals and squalls—that's your poetical baby for you, when you see it near enough—and hear it!' And so it may be. But would any poetry be left in the world if we watched only the meaner details of life, and narrowly scanned poor humanity? Even the heart sung by ten thousand poets, would be called by your keen watcher only a natural pump

for supplying the system with blood; while the poet calls it the centre of the power of loving, that most divine of all human powers, with whose pulse of affection the outer world keeps unison, transformed in a glorious vision. So, Heinrich Heine in that song, translated by Longfellow, sang to the 'little youthful maiden,' that the heart has its love, as the sea has its pearls and the heaven its stars, and that the heart is greater than sea or heaven.

For all that, the heart is a blood-pump, and a man's marriage prospects do not affect the atmosphere or the laws of meteorology. Yet look beyond—beyond the mortal walls of flesh, and into the soul's passing impressions of this world that joy can light up, or grief darken like a winter's blight; and lo! the poets are right; only they see all things with a noble vision of their worth; nor is there any poetry like what is wrapped in homely stuff, shining and sparkling through the thin poor woof of common daily life. So, just as there are prosaic things to be said about the heart, or anything else under the sun, there are prosaic things to be said about the baby. Yet we claim the poetry of babyhood as one of the gems that sparkle through the wear and work of ordinary life.

Many poets have written verses to the welcome little strangers. They have even addressed the small dimpled thing with solemn lines, and apostrophised it with a grave sense of its future rank and virtues. They have by a stretch of imagination hung over the cradle, with vague praise of cherubs and innocence, and treated the cherub to classical lore and names that for seven years hence would be long enough to choke the child. 'To a Sleeping Infant' and 'Lines to an Infant' are often dull reading, though the author's name may have been great in its day. The very title hints the inapplicable stateliness. Among the poems of George Macdonald there are a few lines called simply *The Baby*. They are short enough to quote, and are both playful and sweet.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.
Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the skies as I came through.
What makes your forehead smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it, as I went by.
What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
Where did you get that coral ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.
Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.
Whence came your feet, dear little things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.
How did they all first come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

In 1880, when the Poet-laureate published a new volume of *Ballads and Poems*, it was dedicated to his baby grandson—golden-haired Ally, crazy with laughter and babble.

Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine,
O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine,
Glorious poet, who never hast written a line,
Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine,
Mayst thou never be wronged by the name that is mine.

The words about the glorious poet who never has written a line, reminds us that this is a frequent allusion when child-loving poets speak of the little ones. Macaulay rightly observed—while noting that singular power in children by which, in their play, for instance, they can imagine themselves kings or queens, angels or fairies, prisoners or policemen, and act as if they really were so—that 'children are your only poets.' Longfellow has said of older children that they are better than all ballads ever said or sung, for they 'are living poems—and all the rest are dead.' And of a very little child—whose rattle and bells had suggested the romance of the regions of coral and silver—he exclaims:

What! tired already! with those suppliant looks,
And voice more beautiful than a poet's books,
Or murmuring sound of water as it flows.

In the same poem there are some exquisite interpretations of baby manners and customs. For instance, that custom which we should rather call the innocent absence of manners, the embarrassing, unanswerable stare of the little stranger in our world:

Like one who in a foreign land
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise.

While he takes note thus of the quick and questioning eyes, he gives to the hand a more figurative work, when dreaming of the time to come, he loses sight of palpable realities in seeing the no less real meanings of life:

Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the Future's undiscovered land.
I see its valves expand
As at the touch of Fate!

In all we have quoted we should disbelieve, if it were not clearly heart-whole work. There is no poetry unless the heart speaks. Many have been the verses to infants—and to anything and any one else—in which there was not an atom of poetry, because there was no truth of feeling. If poetry is the outpouring of the most beautiful of human thoughts, doubtless there is more of it in the loving heart of a mother than in half the volumes of stereotyped verse ever written. More than that—if the greatest of poets are only those who have written with most sympathetic description of the highest and purest of human feelings, is not there something better than all the volumes of written poetry, in the hearts of those who see the beautiful side of homely loves, and who at sight of common things can feel their loftier meaning, and dream kindly dreams over their true worth? All mothers have this power in their hearts; it is part of the love and admiration of their helpless children, when as yet the offspring have but the instinct of affection, and are helpless, speechless, uncomprehending, blankly uninteresting, except to loving eyes. There are infinite possibilities in the future of the most commonplace baby; what dreams are dreamed over its softly shut eyes—what visions of the preciousness of its love and its life! The dreamer of these dreams is unconsciously revelling in most delicious poetry, in half-shaped fancies, and in purest affections, that elude all form in the transfer to words, just as our deepest feelings are

always untranslatable into the lame language of the lips. Yet the happy mortal round whose thoughts circles this halo of poetry, may be a poor woman in a cotton gown, whose roughened hands are puzzled to darn the little socks—socks patriarchal in age compared with the sleeping baby that owns them. To the lowliest lot that childhood touches, there is a bright side of warm feeling and happy thought, if it could but be realised; that bright side, in its thousand forms, is the poetry of common life.

In the little hands and feet alone, there are hints for a world of wondering. What weary journeys have those little feet to go, to cross the wide wide world perhaps—those quaint queer little feet that curl their pink toes so complacently, throned on some one's lap at twilight bedtime, before the firelight of the nursery! And those little hands, so small and dimpled and sweetly useless, now spread open like a star, now tightly closed up like a round shell not made to open at all—what questions of awe and wonder make up our dreams of baby hands! The growth of the mighty tree out of the acorn is not such a marvellous mystery as the future of those soft wee hands. Think for a moment that, not many years hence, this little hand of the baby-girl may be talked of among men, claimed, fought for, sought in feverish desire, as if it were more than kingdoms; it will be kissed by some great strong man with trembling delight; and the sound of those feet upon a staircase or across the hall, coming—coming to him—will be heard in those days with a bound and a thrill of the heart. Oh! it is a great mystery, that the hand of a baby and the little feet have a vast part to play in many lives, that the heart and understanding will so expand and love, and become a centre of now undreamed-of desire, and joy, and grief.

And still more wonderful it is that this most helpless of creatures, whose very helplessness makes half its claim upon us, may yet grow up in all the strength and splendour of a noble human life, and, whether man or woman, may face life's battle bravely, a rallying-point for the weak, and the guiding power of other lives. Of the genius and light that may hide behind those insatiably staring yet gentlest of eyes, we must say nothing; nor do more than hint how the world may be changed at will by some puny nursing that is this moment being lulled to sleep with the most querulous wailing of helpless littleness.

TEMPERANCE BEVERAGES.

BY A GOVERNMENT ANALYST.

It is quite a common thing for the manufacturers of temperance beverages to declare them absolutely free from alcohol, without in the first place ascertaining whether this is so or not. We do not think that this in all cases can be the result of ignorance; for many persons know well that such a declaration increases the consumption of the article they produce. On the other hand, it is undoubtedly from ignorance that consumers of temperance beverages containing an appreciable quantity of alcohol partake so freely of them. It is a well-known fact that many of the so-called temperance beverages contain a large percentage of alcohol, sometimes as large as that of

beer, and sometimes even as large as that of certain kinds of wine; and upholders of temperance principles should insist, before adopting any beverage for their use, that an analysis should be made by a competent person, and his report appended to the vessel containing the liquid, before sending it into consumption. Such a provision would materially lessen the number of so-called temperance beverages, while at the same time it would secure to the abstainer a 'non-alcoholic' beverage.

There are a number of persons who make these beverages for private use, and who, ignorant of the changes produced in certain liquids by the methods they employ, believe their beverages are non-alcoholic. The writer has known many such instances. A certain lady once made an infusion of malt, added yeast to it, and allowed it to stand for some days in a warm place, and yet was not aware that it then contained alcohol. She flavoured it sweetly, and distributed it among a circle of temperance friends as a non-alcoholic drink. A gentleman—a clergyman, and an apostle of temperance—made a solution of sugar, added some yeast and hops, and allowed the liquid to ferment for several days, and then supplied the abstainers of his flock with it, ignorant that it could contain even a trace of alcohol. Many such instances are known; and on behalf of temperance we would remind all such that any infusion of malt or solution of sugar is almost certain to change a portion of its substance into alcohol when subjected to a healthy fermentation.

There are many difficulties in the way of the manufacture of purely non-alcoholic drinks. It is desirable that they should be wholesome; but they frequently are positively injurious to health, from the use of flavourings of a deleterious nature: it is desirable that they should keep for some time; but beverages made in imitation of beer, and of some at least of the materials of which beer is made, cannot keep under ordinary circumstances in the absence of alcohol. It is unfortunately at the present time the tendency of temperance beverage manufacturers to endeavour to give their products the appearance and even the flavour of beer. This course is for many reasons to be deprecated; and in the absence of healthy non-alcoholic beverages, the writer would strongly recommend the use of such drinks as milk, tea, coffee, &c., and would respectfully draw the attention of temperance reformers to the comparatively small number of houses where these can be had. An increase in the number of these houses would probably do as much for the spread of temperance as any other means now adopted.

FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUSION.

SCARCELY had Miss Pebworth finished giving her father an account of Captain Dyson's proposal, and of the intended runaway marriage, when they reached the glade in which the picnic had been held. Here, a few moments later, they were joined by Mrs Pebworth, Dick, Mr Dempsey, Frobisher, and Captain Dyson.

Mr Leyland and Elma, who had, as already

narrated, set out for a short stroll in the wood, did not go far before they turned. Elma was afraid that the others would be waiting for her; besides which, she had a woman's curiosity to learn the nature of the good news which Leyland had brought his friend. They saw the others before they themselves were seen.

'There are Mr Frobisher and Mr Drummond,' said Elma.

'By Jove!' exclaimed the painter, in genuine surprise, 'what swells they have blossomed into! I should hardly have known them again. O Richard, Richard! whither have thy leonine locks vanished?'

Miss Deene began to think her companion something of an oddity.

Leyland emerged from the trees, and stepping quietly up to Drummond, who was only a few yards away, he slapped him on the shoulder. Dick turned quickly, and stood like a man dumfounded at the sight of his friend.

'Why, Dick, dear old Dick, how are you after all this long time?' cried Leyland heartily, as he grasped the other by the hand. 'It seems an age since I saw you last.—Hark ye, my boy; a word in your ear,' he added in a lower tone. 'Your picture in the Dudley has found a purchaser. A Manchester rag-merchant has taken a fancy to it, and he talks about commissioning you to paint another.'

Dick's freckled face changed first to white and then to red. He gasped forth a few incoherent words, but he could never remember afterwards what they were.

At the sound of Leyland's voice, Frobisher, who was standing a little apart talking to Dyson, turned. His face, too, changed for a moment. 'The crisis has come sooner than I expected,' he muttered to himself. '*N'importe*. Better now than later on, perhaps.' He went forward with a pleasant smile and held out his hand. 'Don't forget that there are two old friends here,' he said to Leyland.

'Forget! Not likely. But I had some good news for Dick which I was in a hurry to tell him.—And now, my dear Frank, how are you?—Better—better. I can see that before you answer me. Not like the same man. I suppose I must congratulate you on your good fortune.' He paused for a moment, holding the other's hand in his and gazing a little sadly into his face. 'Ah, Frobisher, I don't know whether to feel glad or sorry that you have come into all this money,' he said. 'Many a fine spirit has been spoiled by coming into a fortune.'

Every one present heard Leyland's words. They all stared, as well they might. Was this stranger in the shabby tweed suit drunk or crazy? Of a surety he must be either one or the other.

Mr Pebworth's pendulous cheeks turned the colour of saffron. Striding forward a step or two, he touched Frobisher lightly on the arm. 'May I ask who this person is, Mr Drummond?' he said in a hoarse whisper. 'He seems to be confounding your identity with that of my nephew most strangely.'

'This gentleman is Mr Bence Leyland, a very dear friend of mine; and I am not aware that he is confounding anything.'

'But he called you Frank Frobisher.'

'He called me by my proper name.'

'But—but you are not'—

'Indeed, but I am, Mr Pebworth. I am Frank Frobisher, and your unworthy nephew.'

An exclamation of surprise or dismay burst from the lips of all present except Leyland and Dick.

For a moment or two, Pebworth stared blankly into the stern young face before him. Then, as with a lightning flash, the truth burst upon him. 'Great heaven! Tricked! ruined, irretrievably ruined!' he exclaimed, gasping out the syllables as if they would choke him. With one hand pressed to his forehead, he staggered rather than walked to a fallen tree, and there sat down. His wife and daughter were by his side in a moment; but he waved them impatiently, even fiercely away, and sat staring with blank eyes at vacancy. Presently he took a bundle of papers from his pocket, untied with trembling fingers the red tape that bound them, and began to turn them over in an aimless incurious sort of way. Now and then he repeated under his breath the words: 'Tricked! ruined!' It was a pitiable sight.

'Mr Frobisher changed into Mr Drummond!' exclaimed Dempsey.

'Mr Drummond changed into Mr Frobisher!' echoed Dyson.

'My Dick changed into my cousin Frank!' murmured Elma, who was as much bewildered as any one.

'Gracious goodness! who could have believed such a thing?' said Dyson and Dempsey in a helpless sort of way. The situation was so novel, so totally unlooked for, that they were evidently at a loss what to say or do next. Clunie said nothing, but looked with all her eyes at the little Captain. Might not this new and surprising turn of affairs jeopardise to some extent her newly-fledged matrimonial projects?

Drummond drew Leyland aside, and explained to him the state of affairs.

'So you are really my nephew Frank after all!' said Mrs Pebworth through her tears to Frobisher. 'I felt sure from the first that none of our family had any right to have red hair.'

'Yes; I am your nephew Frank. There's no mistake on that point this time, aunt.'

'Well, I always did like you, as I've said many a time, when others were maybe running you down.'

'Yes; we always did like you,' said Clunie tapping him playfully with the point of her sunshade.

'Always,' echoed Dempsey and Dyson, who had moved closer up.

'I don't know that I can like you a bit better than I did before,' continued Mrs Pebworth. 'And as for your friend—what a nice young man he is!—I'm sure I shan't like him a bit less than I did half an hour since, because he happens to be poor and no connection of the family.'

'Mamma, dear!' said Clunie imploringly, with a tug at her mother's sleeve.

'Aunt, you have one of the kindest hearts in the world,' said Frank, and with that he stooped and kissed her.

Dempsey and Dyson looked straight over each other's shoulder, and seemed to be gazing into futurity.

Clunie turned to Frank with what she would have called one of her 'arch' glances. 'You naughty, naughty man to play us all such a trick! But I was never really deceived.'

'No; we were never really deceived,' chimed in the Chorus.

'Any one could see that the real Mr Drummond was no gentleman.' This from Clunie.

'Always had the air of a parvenu.' This from Dempsey, whose father had been a successful bacon contractor.

'Something extremely plebeian about him,' piped Dyson.

'We congratulate you most sincerely,' continued Clunie.

'Yes, we congratulate you most sincerely,' echoed the Chorus.

'My dear, kind friends, how heartily I thank you, none but myself can ever tell!' responded Frobisher with a ring of unmistakable scorn in his voice.

Clunie turned to her mother with a pout. Mr Dempsey's purple face became still more purple; he coughed behind his hand and stalked away. Captain Dyson let his eyeglass drop; then he pulled up his collar and pulled down his cuffs and tried to look fierce. He was about to follow Dempsey; but Clunie detained him. 'After all that has happened, do you still love your little Clunie as much as before?' she whispered. (Little Clunie indeed! She was a head taller than the Captain.)

'As much as ever, my sweetest pet. And that reminds me that when I was at Burrumpore'—

She put her hand within his arm, giving it a little squeeze as she did so. 'Let us stroll down this alley,' she said, 'where we shall be quite alone.'

Frobisher was crossing towards Miss Deene, when Mr Pebworth intercepted him. That gentleman had to some extent recovered his assurance by this time. Perhaps, after all, he reflected, things might not turn out quite so desperate as he had at first believed they would. In any case, his best plan was to put a bold front on the affair.

'You must permit me to congratulate you, my dear Frank,' he said with a sickly smile, 'on the really admirable style in which you played your character of the poor amanuensis. It was a marvellous piece of acting, and you must allow that I did my best to second your efforts. Of course I saw through the little deception from the first—ha, ha!—from the very first. Admirably acted! So true to life!'

Frobisher made no effort to hide the scorn and loathing which these words excited in him. 'Mr Pebworth,' he said, 'if there is one man in the world whom I hold in more utter contempt than I do another, you are that man.'

'For heaven's sake, not so loud! My wife and daughter are close by.'

'I changed places with my friend in order to try you. You know the result. I believe you to be an ingrained hypocrite from top to toe. I know you to be a knave—selfish, cunning, and utterly unscrupulous.'

'Not so loud, I implore you!'

'You have spoken of your wife. Were it not for her, I would expose you to the world in your

true colours. My aunt is a good woman, whom I respect and love—you, I loathe. For her sake, I choose to remember the relationship between us, and to keep silence with regard to the past. You know my opinion of you; it is one which nothing can alter; and the less you and I see of each other in time to come, the better it will be for both of us.'

'If my gratitude'—

'Your gratitude, Mr Pebworth! The word is profaned when it proceeds from the lips of such as you!' With these words, Frobisher turned on his heel and crossed to where the three ladies were standing, wondering and bewildered spectators of all that had happened during the last few minutes.

Never in his life had Mr Pebworth felt so crestfallen and humiliated. Yet even in this hour of his extremity the brazen hardihood of the man did not quite desert him. Taking out his pocket-book and pencil, he said in a voice which was purposely loud enough for all present to hear: 'I quite agree with you, my dear Frank—quite. I will make a memorandum of the matter at once, and consult you with reference to it another day.' With that he went back to his seat on the fallen tree, and made a pretence of being busy with his pocket-book and pencil.

Till now, Miss Deene had not spoken a word—she had, in fact, moved a little apart from the others. Frobisher now went up to her and took her hand. 'Elma!' he said, and there was a world of tenderness in the way he spoke that one little word.

'Well, sir?' and withdrawing her hand, she looked up into his eyes with a sort of cold surprise.

'You will, I trust, forgive my little deception for the sake of the valuable lesson it has taught me?'

'And pray, Mr Dick, Tom, Harry, or whatever your name may be, what is the particularly valuable lesson it has taught you?'

'It has taught me that your love has been given me for myself alone. It has taught me that there is one true heart in the world who, believing me poor, would have given up everything for my sake; but who, now that she knows I am rich, will not love me one whit the less for the test to which I have put her.'

'You make yourself far too sure on that point. You have treated me shamefully, sir—yes, shamefully!'

'In what way have I treated you shamefully, Elma?' asked Frank with wide-eyed wonder.

'You led me to expect that I was going to marry a dear, delightful, poor young man, with whom I should lead a happy, struggling, Bohemian sort of existence, in two or three rooms, on a pound or two a week, doing my own marketing and mending my own clothes. Instead of this, I find myself tied to a commonplace, vulgarly rich individual—just the kind of person that every girl is expected to marry. I call it shameful—shameful!'

Frobisher looked at her as if he scarcely knew whether to be amused or annoyed. At this moment Mrs Pebworth came up. 'What's the matter now?' she asked, seeing that something was amiss.

'Elma has been making use of bad language

because she finds that I'm no longer a poor man.'

'More fool she,' answered Mrs Pebworth with a touch of asperity. 'If she hasn't sense enough to keep a sweetheart when she's got one, whether he's rich or poor, she'll soon find somebody else in her place. Why, half the girls in the county will be setting their caps at the owner of Waylands before three months are over.'

Miss Deene pricked up her ears. 'Fie! aunt. What a character you give your sex,' she said.

'It's no more than our sex deserve, my dear. There will be quite a competition for Mr Frobisher, I can tell you.'

'In that case,' said Elma whimsically, 'I may as well keep him for myself. Not, you know, because I really care very much for him—but just to spite the other girls.'

'There's an artful minx!' ejaculated Mrs Pebworth.

'Then your Serene Highness will condescend to accept me—but not *pro tem.*, I hope?' said Frobisher.

'No; not *pro tem.*—but for ever and ever,' answered Elma, placing both her hands in his, while the love-light of happiness sprang to her eyes.

What little remains to be told may be told after a very brief fashion.

Clunie got the great desire of her life—a rich husband, who never thwarts her in anything. Captain Dyson achieved one of the desires of his life—a runaway wedding. Mr Pebworth was distracted at first, but extended a magnanimous forgiveness to the newly-married couple on their return from their honeymoon. Captain Dyson came down handsomely in the way of settlements; but to this day he cannot understand why his wife, who had hitherto been one of the most complaisant of listeners, changed so suddenly and unaccountably, and refused point-blank to listen to any more of his narratives, even going so far on one occasion as to impugn the accuracy of his memory and to make use of the words 'Stuff and rubbish.' The little man spends much of his time at his club, but Melancholy has marked him for her own. He has the look of a man habitually careworn and depressed. Now and then, a gleam of happiness revisits him—when he can button-hole a stranger good-natured enough to listen to him while he narrates some of the surprising adventures of his early life. Young Tom M'Murdo, whose state of chronic impecuniosity is no secret, eats many a good dinner at the Captain's expense, and borrows many a sovereign as well—which he takes particular care never to repay—and all because he is the best of listeners, and never even hints the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of what is being told him. It has never dawned on the consciousness of Captain Dyson, and probably never will, that in him Nature created a bowe of the first magnitude.

One morning very soon after the picnic Mr Pebworth intimated that business of importance would take him to Liverpool. He had not been many hours in Liverpool before he telegraphed that the business which had taken him to that city would take him still farther—as far even as to America. Mrs Pebworth

was delighted; the voyage would be quite a holiday for Algernon, and the sea-breezes could not fail to benefit his health. But Mr Pebworth's business, whatever the nature of it might be, evidently required a long time to bring it to a conclusion. Month after month passed away, and Mr Pebworth wrote home that he still found it impossible to return. At length, at the end of a year and a half, as if disgusted with the whole affair, he died, so that in all probability the business which took him so far will remain unsettled till Doomsday. His widow mourned for him in all sincerity. To her he had ever seemed the best of husbands and the best of men; and nobody has been cruel enough to try to undeceive her.

Within a week of the picnic, Dick Drummond was back in his old rooms in Soho, which had found no tenant during his absence. At first he felt wretchedly dull and lonely without Frobisher; it seemed as if he had lost a part of himself, which nothing could replace; but Leyland looked in every other evening or so, to cheer him up, on which occasions they smoked innumerable pipes together and discoursed on every subject under the sun. A few other Bohemians would drop in occasionally, for Dick could now afford to keep open house, and many a song was sung and many a merry story told at such times in the dingy old rooms. But neither to Dick nor Frobisher would the wheels of life have seemed to run pleasantly unless they had been able to see each other often.

It was but an hour's journey from Waylands, and Frobisher was frequently in town. His old easy-chair, his old meerschaum, and a hearty grip of the hand, always awaited him in Soho. Occasionally, Elma would call with him, at which times Dick would put down his brush and palette for the day, comb out his golden locks, don another coat, and go in generally for high-jinks.

But Waylands did not fail to see Dick a frequent visitor. It was understood that he should spend from Saturday till Monday there—or longer, for the matter of that—as often as he should feel so inclined, and, summer or winter, few week-ends passed without seeing Dick exchange the smoke of London for the pleasant breezes of the Surrey hills. He seemed nearly as much a part of Waylands as Frobisher himself.

As a painter, success came to him in such measure as he deserved. He had a happy faculty of seeing, and of being able to reproduce for others to see, some little trait or incident of everyday life with its touch of humour or pathos, or both combined—some commonplace episode of the great *comédie humaine*—which most people would pass by with unobservant eyes. One such picture of humble life it was that brought him to the front. A certain well-known art-patron saw it, bought it, and caused it to be engraved. The engraving became popular, and had a large sale among that humble class of art-lovers who cannot afford to buy pictures, but who like to see their walls hung with a few good prints or engravings which tend, in one form or other, to illustrate that one touch of nature which is said to make the whole world kin.

Dick had found his groove at last. There was a demand for his pictures for engraving purposes.

No one could have been more surprised than the artist himself was.

'You have hit the right nail on the head, and no mistake,' said Bence Leyland to him one day. 'Now listen to the advice of an old un. Paint slowly; try to make every picture an advance on your last one; and above all, don't flood the market with your works. It is far better to paint one good picture a year, than half-a-dozen indifferent ones.'

Dick has not failed to profit by this advice, and the world prospers with him; but to this day he believes in his secret heart that Nature intended him for a delineator of mythological subjects on a grand scale; and he never gazes on his *Andromeda* and other kindred crudities which still adorn the walls of his studio, without a half-regretful shake of the head.

Of Frobisher and Elma, what remains to be said? To no man is it given to withstand the shafts of Fate; but with youth, health, and a love that knew no waning or change, their chances of happiness were greater than are granted to most mortals. More than that could not be expected for them.

Frobisher's pen is by no means idle; and, as in the olden days, he still suffers from the alternate pleasures and pangs, disappointments and delights, incident to a literary career. There is some prospect of his pet comedy, *Summer Lightning*, written five years ago, and rejected by several London managers, being at length produced at the Royal Frivolity Theatre. What was an impossibility in the case of an obscure literary hack, may have become a possibility in the case of the well-to-do owner of Waylands; for in matters theatrical, as in so many other affairs of life, there are generally wheels within wheels.

BOOK GOSSIP.

THE theory of Evolution, as propounded by Darwin, and enforced by such scientists as Wallace, Huxley, Tyndall, and Lubbock, is one which few people who would wish to be abreast of the intelligence of the time, can afford to be regardless of. That theory is as yet far from being outside the range of controverted questions; hence it is all the more important that persons who have not the leisure or the desire to study biology for themselves, should have the means placed within their reach of forming an intelligent opinion on a subject which is constantly presenting itself before them in one aspect or another. A volume from the pen of Dr Andrew Wilson—*Chapters on Evolution* (London: Chatto and Windus)—will, we venture to think, go far to supply this want. The author perhaps errs in giving so much prominence to the arguments in favour of, and so little notice to the objections that have been and are still urged against, the theory of Evolution; but this is to be accounted for by his evident conviction that that theory is already proved to be true. Darwin himself, with his wide range of mental vision, and his comprehensive knowledge of natural development, was able to perceive and always ready to acknowledge that the doctrine he advanced was not free from serious objections—he did not indeed put it forward as a fact, but as a hypothesis, which he supported not as

absolutely proved, but as being able to account for more of the phenomena of living things than any other theory that had as yet been advanced. Dr Wilson, however, as the result of his study and observation, is prepared to take the question out of the region of the hypothetical, and to place it in that of the actual—in short, to assume, to use his own words, 'the reality of the process.' In this view, therefore, he has endeavoured to marshal the more prominent facts of zoology and botany in order to prove that evolution is an actual factor in the life-work of the universe.

Darwin's theory rests upon a few apparently simple propositions. (1) Every species of animal and plant has a tendency to vary from its original type; each individual offspring having a certain likeness and a certain unlikeness to the parent. (2) These variations are transmissible to offspring. (3) More animals and plants are produced than can possibly survive; hence (4) there ensues a 'struggle for existence' among the living individuals, those which are strongest—that is, best adapted to their surroundings or environment—overcoming the weaker, which result gives us the doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest.' (5) The varieties before spoken of diverge in process of ages so far from their original type as to constitute new species, there being in this view no definite barrier between one species and another; and following which order of development, it is assumed (6) that all the forms of living things which we have now cognisance of, may have been evolved by 'natural selection' from a few primitive and simple forms of life—possibly from one such form alone. These propositions, thus roughly stated, form the basis of the great theory or hypothesis of Evolution, as worked out and illustrated by Charles Darwin. In Dr Wilson's book, those who wish to see the proofs set forth in detail, will find an intelligent and easily comprehended guide; and if they are not, by its perusal, convinced as firmly as Dr Wilson is, of the truth of the doctrine therein set forth, they will at least be in a position to consider the subject apart from the absurdities and crudities which have too frequently by unthinking opponents been attributed to it.

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A second volume of the series of books on *Heroes of Science* (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) has recently been issued. It deals with astronomers, and is written by E. J. C. Morton, B.A., of St John's College, Cambridge. It is a volume of very great interest. Not only will the reader gain from it a knowledge of the lives of leading astronomers—Copernicus, Tycho Brahé, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Lagrange, Laplace, and Herschel—but he will derive a clear and vivid conception of the science of astronomy itself, rendered specially intelligible by its being presented to him in historical sequence, thus enabling him not only to mark its progress from stage to stage, but also to comprehend more fully the value of the discoveries which the several great men whom we have named contributed towards our knowledge of the starry world. If the other volumes of the series are as thorough in conception and as attractive in style as those already issued, the whole

will form a very valuable addition to our stock of works on popularised science.

The comparative study of languages may be directed to other than strictly philological purposes; and here we have a volume by Mr John Cameron, Sunderland, on the *Gaelic Names of Plants* (Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons), in which the above line of study has been followed for scientific purposes. The immediate department of science dealt with is botany, and the object of the author is to identify the names given by the Gaelic-speaking people with the plants which they were intended to designate. In his ordinary field-work the difficulty of the botanist, when he has obtained a particular plant, is to find the proper name for it; but in the work undertaken by our author, the difficulty was reversed; for he had the name, but required to find the plant to which the name applied. This necessarily required not only an adequate knowledge of Gaelic as spoken in Scotland and Ireland, but the prosecution of numerous journeys among the Gaelic-speaking populations, in order, if possible, to settle disputed names, to fix the plant to which the name was applied, and to collect others previously unrecorded.

We are told by Mr Cameron that the Celts named plants from (1) their uses; (2) their appearance; (3) their habitats; and (4) their superstitious associations, and the like. The silverweed or white tansy, for instance, is called *briseagan milis*, sweet bread, because its succulent root was not unfrequently used by the poorer people in some parts of the Highlands for bread. The rowan-tree or mountain-ash is *luib*, drink; the Highlanders formerly distilling a very good spirit from its fruit. It was also believed in the Highlands, as throughout Scotland generally, that any part of this tree carried upon the person was a sovereign charm against enchantment or witchcraft, hence it was also called by the Gaels, *fuinseag coille*, the wood-enchantress. The yellow or ladies' bedstraw was called by a name meaning red; the apparent inconsistency between the name and the natural colour of the flower being explained by the fact that the Highlanders used the roots to dye red colour. In the same line of nomenclature, the field gentian is known as *lus a chrubain*, the crouching-plant; not that the plant crouches, but because it is good for a disease which attacks the limbs of cows, and which induces the attitude to which the name applies. It is unnecessary to multiply illustrations further; those interested in the subject must have recourse to the book itself, which is one that cannot fail to reflect creditably upon the learning and industry of its author.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Report, recently published, of the York Chamber of Agriculture, brings little comfort to the farmer. The Council record how the hopes raised at the beginning of last year from the mild winter and genial spring were disappointed by the effects of a wet and cold July. They state their opinion that the cold clay-land farms, which cost so much to bring them into a

productive state, must go out of cultivation. They also point to the need of agricultural education, and trust that its spread may be promoted by Chambers of Agriculture and other public bodies.

It would seem that while the British farmer has been bemoaning the nakedness of the land, his powerful rivals in America have—not content with the abundance which their soil gives them—been killing the goose which lays the golden eggs; in other words, the wheat-growing districts in many parts of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota have been exhausted by the practice of growing crop after crop of wheat without rest and without manuring. The farmers have not recognised the value of rotation of crops. It may be that they need a little acquaintance with agricultural chemistry to tell them that one crop will absorb certain constituents of the soil, and that another crop of a different kind will select quite another kind of food from mother-earth. Thus, while crop number two is taking its fill, the earth is recovering from the call made upon it by crop number one. It would be to the advantage of the country if some of our clever farmers were to emigrate, and show the Americans the advantages to be obtained from a better system of agriculture.

In connection with the storage of green fodder such as newly-mown hay, &c., the question of ensilage and the cost of building silos is still interesting our farmers at home. It would seem at first sight that the expense of erecting a concrete or brick tank in which to compress and preserve green fodder could not amount to very much. But estimates obtained from different sources show that the sum asked is one which farmers in the present state of affairs could not afford, unless they had definite proof that the experiment would be successful. There is, however, one way of trying the method in which the expense is almost nil, for the work can be accomplished by ordinary labourers when other work is not pressing. We allude to the earth-silo, which has already been tried with success. It consists of a trench six feet deep, and of any dimensions required. The green stuff is placed in this pit, covered with a layer of roofing-felt, and then with earth, so as to force the mass down with the necessary pressure. If each farmer who has the opportunity were to construct an experimental silo of this kind, and were in due time to report the result, it would soon be ascertained whether the system has the value attached to it that many persons seem to think.

At the invitation of Mr H. Hoare, a number of gentlemen-farmers and others interested in agriculture recently visited Pagehouse Farm, about a mile and a half from Staplehurst Station, to witness the opening of a silo, and to examine the fodder prepared and stored under this system. The crop ensilaged consisted of trifolium, the produce of about three acres. It was estimated that the crop would have yielded about eight tons of hay, whereas ensilaged it yielded ten tons of fodder. A number of questions were asked by those present, and the replies of Mr Hoare and his manager or farm-bailiff may be briefly summarised thus: The cattle take to the food at once; they thrive upon it; and the yield

of milk is larger and better than upon the food formerly given to them. With the addition of some oilcake, varying from three to eight pounds per day per head, their condition improved very materially. The cost of getting in the crop and ensilaging it was about equal to the cost of making it into hay under favourable conditions; but those present who understood farming thought that this cost could be very much diminished. Great stress was laid upon the fact, that under this system, weather was no object, as the crops can be stored green, wet, or dry. Some butter was shown to and tasted by those present, and the preference all round was for that made from the cows fed on the ensilaged fodder. The top layer of fodder in the silo was slightly mouldy, and it showed signs of fermentation—an evidence of insufficient covering and pressure; but the deeper the cuts into the body of the bed thus stored, the better was the food.

As an example of the curious property of plants in selecting from a soil only those materials proper for their nourishment, we may cite the ice-plant, which is found abundantly on the Mediterranean coasts. It has lately formed the subject of some experiments by M. Mangon, who has cultivated it for many years. Its popular name is derived from the little vesicles filled with water which cover its stem, and have much the appearance of frozen dewdrops. Analysis shows that it sucks up from the soil a large quantity of soda, potash, and other alkaline salts; indeed, it may be said that the plant represents a solution of alkaline salts held together by a vegetable tissue only weighing two per cent. of its mass. M. Mangon believes that the plant might be useful if planted on unproductive soils where such salts are in excess, thereby rendering the ground suitable for ordinary cultivation.

The Honourable Secretary of the Goat Society has recently given some interesting particulars as to those animals, which have long been valued for the nutritious and curative properties of the milk they yield. Twelve years ago, he tells us, few goats could be found which would give more than a quart of milk a day; but now, owing to the care which has been expended upon their breeding, specimens are produced which will yield three or even four times that quantity. Such animals command prices ranging between five and ten pounds; and when once acquired, are found so valuable, that they are not readily parted with. He asserts—and his conclusions are based upon many years' experience—that goats in this country do best when housed both day and night during the autumn and winter seasons. The quality of the milk is in noway affected by such confinement; and if properly tended, the stalled animal will yield a far better return than one not having the benefits of shelter and warmth.

The Zoological Society have just lost by death from manifest old age the female hippopotamus which was presented to them by the Viceroy of Egypt thirty years ago. She has survived her mate—which lived twenty-seven years in the Society's Gardens—by about six years. It would thus seem that the span of life allotted to the hippopotamus is about thirty years; probably a good deal less when exposed to the vicissitudes of a roaming existence.

The splendid collection of living animals in

Regent's Park now numbers between two and three thousand. One-tenth of these are reptiles; and from want of proper accommodation, they have hitherto been located in different parts of the Gardens, much to the inconvenience of those who wished to study them. There is now, however, being built a new Reptile-house, in which the various members of this large family will be brought together. The difficulty of planning such a scheme will be understood when we remember that reptiles from all quarters of the world have to be considered, and that a temperature necessary for the life of one species would be quite inadequate for the requirements of another. Bearing this in mind, the cages, or rather glass cases, used to contain the specimens will be each heated to a proper temperature by special arrangements of the hot-water pipes employed for the purpose. At the same time, spectators will breathe a normal atmosphere. The new building is expected to be ready for occupation by next autumn.

Those kindly disposed and well-meaning persons who showed such friendly feelings towards poor Jumbo, and credited the Council of the Zoological Society with such sordid motives in sending him across the Atlantic, will perhaps acknowledge that the Council were right in believing that the huge creature was becoming dangerous. News reaches us from America that Jumbo has turned his keeper's box into matchwood, and has shown other signs of obstreperous behaviour.

A paper has been read before the Electro-technic Society of Berlin giving some interesting particulars relative to birds and telegraph wires. In treeless districts, the smaller birds in Germany are very fond of roosting both on poles and wires. Swallows frequently build under the eaves where wires run into telegraph offices, and actually stop work by causing contact between the wire and some neighbouring body which will carry the electric current to earth. Contacts with a like result are often caused by large birds alighting on the wires and causing them to swing together and touch. Woodpeckers frequently peck holes through the telegraph posts, and no kind of preparation of the wood seems to stop them from doing so. Sulphate of copper, corrosive sublimate, chloride of zinc, and other poisons, have been applied to the wood as preservatives against rot; but the birds peck away at them all the same. At the recent Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, a part of one of these pecked posts was shown. The theory was then broached that the woodpeckers mistook the vibration of the attached wires for the hum of insects, and attacked the post with the notion of getting at them. This theory is now combated on the ground that dry poles are frequently infested with insects. But wood saturated with the poisons named above must certainly be excepted. The woodpeckers have evidently not yet found this out.

The curious little girl about seven years of age who has been for some time past exhibited as 'the missing link' at the Westminster Aquarium is worthy of a few passing words. According to Mr Farini, who exhibits her, she was brought from India to England by Mr Carl Bock, the energetic Norwegian traveller, whose

movements we have more than once noted in these columns. Mr Bock having heard of a race of hairy-tailed men in Siam, offered a reward for the capture of a specimen. In the result, a man, woman, and child, all covered with hair, were obtained. After some difficulties, Mr Bock brought the child to Bankok, and obtained permission of the king of Siam to bring her to Europe. The little girl, who is called Krao—which represents the plaintive cry addressed to her by her parents when she attempted to wander from them—is intelligent-looking, with large dark eyes, flattened nose, and pouch-like cheeks. The hair on the head is thick and straight, and is continued down the cheeks like whiskers, the face, arms, and shoulders being covered with hairs from an inch to an inch and a half long. There is said to be a prolongation of the lower vertebrae suggestive of a tail. This curious and interesting little creature will no doubt give rise to much discussion among certain of our learned Societies.

A very curious application of photography has just been brought before the Photographic Society of Great Britain by Mr Warnerke. Our readers are aware that for some years our continental neighbours have been teaching deaf and dumb persons to speak by training them to watch the movements of the lips when any one is talking to them. This method of reading sounds by sight has been highly successful, and has long ago been introduced with similar results into this country. The idea has occurred to a foreign teacher of the dumb to photograph the movements of the lips when articulating the different sounds which go to make up ordinary speech. It will easily be imagined that the model chosen for the pictures must be some one whose lips will give expressive action. But once photographed, the pictures can be multiplied by the thousand, and can be used as alphabets for our afflicted fellows all the world over. It is said that the pictures are so well adapted to their purpose, that any one can see at a glance what sound is indicated by each lip-movement portrayed.

Another useful application of the same art is foreshadowed by Dr Gill, who is in charge of the Observatory of the Cape of Good Hope. He suggests that star-maps could be made by aid of the camera, which would be far more valuable than those of the ordinary kind drawn by hand. That the light from the stellar depths is powerful enough to impress a modern photographic film, we know by the results of Dr Huggins, who has photographed the spectra of a great many of these distant orbs, as well as the corona of the sun itself. The light available when dealing with the objects direct would, of course, be far greater than when their spectra are concerned. We may mention that Dr Gill was most successful in the photographs which he obtained of the recent comet, one picture showing more than fifty stars through the luminous tail. Although the most sensitive process is used for this class of work, an exposure of more than two hours was required for some of these pictures. The camera is attached to a telescope, which latter is so beautifully regulated by clockwork, that the image of the object photographed is kept steadily in one spot, regardless of the movement of the earth in its ceaseless rotation.

The National Health Society, London (44 Berners Street, Oxford Street), have been exhibiting a fever-proof dress, intended for the use of those whose duties bring them into contact with infectious maladies. It consists of a kind of overall made of mackintosh, which is glazed inside and outside, with a hood attached, so that the body, with the exception of the face and hands, is wholly enveloped in its folds. If necessary, a respirator is also used, through which no germs can pass. The fact of the face and hands being exposed is not considered a material disadvantage, for those parts can be readily washed with a disinfectant. The object sought is to enable the wearer of the dress to go into fever-stricken rooms without the necessity of changing clothes afterwards. The dress can be readily cleansed with disinfectants at the end of the day, and is then again ready for use.

Mr Burton's paper on the Sanitary Inspection of Houses, published in the *Society of Arts Journal*, was full of valuable hints, which, if adopted, would go far to remove all chances of one kind of fever at least from our dwellings. It will be remembered that Professor Fleeming Jenkin suggested two years ago that houses should be subject to inspection by experienced men, and that a Society should be formed for the purpose. This paper of Mr Burton's is an account of the work actually done, and of the very deplorable state in which some of the best houses in London were found to be from a sanitary point of view. He summarised the objects aimed at in careful house-drainage as follows: (1) All matter placed in any of the sanitary appliances in the house must be carried with the greatest possible expedition clear of the premises, leaving behind it as little deposit as possible. (2) All sewer-air must be prevented entering the houses by the channels which serve to carry away the sewage. (3) Since it is impossible to have house-drains absolutely clean—that is, devoid of all decomposing matter—all air from house-drains, and even from sink, bath, and other waste-pipes, must be kept out of the dwelling-rooms.

On the 9th of January, Mr James Brunlees delivered his inaugural address as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers. He showed that the arts of construction had made but small progress until a very recent period, and that the ancients undertook works of a stupendous character in the shape of canals and tunnels which were not surpassed for many centuries. A review of the large engineering undertakings now completed or in progress throughout the world next followed. The bridges over the Tay and Forth, the St Gothard Tunnel, the Severn Tunnel, various harbours, projected railways, the Panama and other ocean canals, the application of different kinds of illumination to lighthouses, each claimed a share of careful attention and interesting remarks. Mr Brunlees pointed out that the trained engineer was quite a modern creation. Little more than a century ago there were no engineering works in Britain which were worthy of notice—'hardly a canal or a passable high-road; and two centuries ago, it was necessary to send to Holland for an engineer to build a sea-wall.'

By the combined action of cold and pressure, carbonic acid gas can with comparative ease be

reduced to the liquid state; and a strong iron bottle containing such liquid may be looked upon as so much stored-up energy ready for use. A great many plans have been devised for working engines with this gas instead of steam; but they have been found impracticable and expensive. A useful application of the principle has lately been tried with success by Major Witte, head of the Berlin Fire Brigade. The steam fire-engines are supplied with reservoirs holding liquid carbonic acid, which can be applied to the pumps at a minute's notice. The advantage of being able to pump water on a fire without the delay of getting up steam, is very great, when we consider how important the first few minutes are in a case of fire. Of course the gas is merely considered as a useful ally, until the boiler is sufficiently heated to supply steam.

Carbonic acid gas has long been used in that very serviceable little fire-engine called the Extincteur, and its force is sufficient to propel a stream of water a great distance without the aid of any pump whatever. Another modern application of the gas is in that novel engine of warfare called the Lay Torpedo. This is a fish-shaped steel construction twenty-six feet in length, and when loaded with its terrible charge of ninety pounds of dynamite, weighing one ton and a half. The little engine which propels it on its mission of destruction is worked by carbonic acid gas. Its course can be regulated by wires from its starting-point, and it will go for a mile and a half before its motor becomes exhausted.

An interesting account of the Bahamas sponge-trade is given in a Report by the American Consul at Nassau. The trade employs several thousand people, and about a hundred vessels to fish for the sponges. Of these there are several varieties, which have different values, and names which seem to be given them according to their resemblance in texture to other things. Thus, one description of sponge is known as Sheepwool, another is called Velvet, and so on. Each vessel employed has a crew of from six to twelve men, and their work is carried on in waters so shallow and pellucid that the sponges can be seen on the bottom, and torn from their beds by hooked poles. Sometimes diving is resorted to. The sponge as it reaches our hands is but the skeleton of the animal colony it once represented. When raised from the sea, it is covered with a soft gelatinous substance full of organic life. Spread out to dry, this matter putrefies and emits a horrible odour. Afterwards, the sponges are penned up in a kind of cage on the shore, so that at every tide the water will cleanse them. They are then sorted, treated with lime, and dried, when they are ready for exportation.

At a meeting recently held at Manchester to discuss the advisability of an increased supply of esparto grass for paper-making, it was stated that a Company had been formed to develop a concession by the Bey of Tunis giving rights to collect esparto grass grown in certain districts. It was stated that thirty thousand tons of the material were available annually from one territory alone—that of Bouhedma. Such grass, with modern appliances for compression, transport, and shipment, could be delivered in Liverpool for little more than half the price per ton which *Stax* grass commanded last year.

The Council of the Institute of Painters in Water-colours desire it to be known that they are about to carry out a scheme which has been long under consideration, but which want of space has compelled them hitherto to forego. Firstly, their galleries in Piccadilly, London, will be thrown open to all exhibitors in water-colours. Secondly, they will open schools for the free education of students in the same branch of art. Intending students will be required to send in drawings as a test of their efficiency, as elementary instruction is not contemplated in the scheme. The British School of Painting in Water-colours is a distinct and very beautiful branch of art, and the generous action of this Institute—now more than half a century old—will give it renewed life, by attracting numbers of young students to its portals.

We have more than once referred to the new method of blasting coal by the heat and expansion caused by wetting cartridges of compressed lime. A German brewer of Nevada having, says a contemporary, heard of the lime-process for mining coal, proposes to use *yeast* as an agent for rending rocks. He has in his experiments blown strongly hooped casks to pieces, and forced out one end of his brewery. He desires to make experiments in the Comstock mines, the heat of which will set up fermentation the moment the yeast-charge is laid, which fermentation will soon become so active as to overcome every resistance.

The American Consul in Paris has done good service in calling the attention of his government to the wholesale adulteration and fabrication of wines, which has now assumed an alarming aspect in France. Although imported wines are subject to analysis at the Customs before delivery to owners, and if found adulterated, can be stopped, no such supervision is exercised over the wines which leave the country, and which, it would seem, in more senses than one, leave it for that country's good. In 1881 some three thousand samples of these exported wines were analysed. One-tenth of these were pronounced to be good; three-tenths were passable; and the rest were bad, some of these last being positively injurious. We have neither space nor inclination to give a list of the various substances employed to imitate the juice of the grape; but as a specimen of what can be done by the dishonest trader, we may mention the constituents of a liquid which is largely exported as wine. It consists of water, vinegar, and logwood, with one-tenth part of common wine to give it a flavour. The time is fast approaching when analytical chemistry must form a part of everybody's education.

Another pest, but of a vegetable character, forms the subject of a bill recently introduced into the New South Wales Legislative Assembly. This bill is to empower the government to devote a sum towards eradicating the wild cactus or 'prickly-pear.' This plant has grown so rapidly over the country that it threatens to choke out of existence its more useful but weaker brethren. One proprietor is stated to have spent one thousand pounds in endeavouring to purge his land from the intruder; and it is estimated that the government if they delay long will have to devote at least one million sterling to the same purpose. Thirty years ago, fifty pounds would have been

almost sufficient to rid the country of this mischievous plant.

According to a pamphlet published by Mr Ellwood Cooper, the cultivation of the olive in California has in his hands proved a remarkable success. The trees begin to pay for their cultivation in three years, and continue to give larger and larger profits until they attain a great age. In Asia Minor, we are told there are olive-trees which, still in full bearing, are known to be twelve hundred years old. Mr Cooper's best trees are eight years old, and yield two thousand gallons of berries to the acre. The oil obtainable from this quantity represents a value of two hundred and fifty pounds.

A WATERING-PLACE ROMANCE.

MANY readers of *Chambers's Journal* have probably visited a well-known watering-place in the Highlands of Scotland. The watering-place referred to is, by reason of its surroundings, picturesque and romantic-looking; the rugged grandeur of the hills vying yet harmonising in beauty with the gently curving slopes and wooded stretches of the valley below. There are many charming walks; and nothing can be finer than a morning walk when, from the heights, we see the sunlight diffusing itself, dispersing the mist that hangs like a veil of gossamer over the scene, warming every object into new beauty, and making the rough and rugged boulders shine like jewelled thrones of gold.

In the summer of 1880, among the gay and well-dressed crowds who every day thronged the Pavilion, or sat on the seats ranged round the veranda of the spa, or 'Wells,' as it is commonly called, might be seen a tall, dark-haired, and comely woman of about forty years of age. At a glance one saw she was poor; for her wincey dress was coarse, and had been spun and dyed by her own hands. Her head was bare, and her checked neckerchief and apron were rough but clean. She was a humble peasant, who had travelled on foot from Sutherland to 'the Wells,' receiving what kindly lodging or fare she might get on the way with heartfelt gratitude. She was constantly occupied in knitting, and never for a moment did her busy fingers appear to be idle. Her open countenance and pleasant manner, coupled with her industry and apparent need, attracted the attention of several ladies, who became so interested in her that she soon got numerous orders for stockings, and became quite a protégée of her more favoured sisters.

But other eyes than those of the ladies were attracted by the blithe knitter; and here the romantic part of our story begins. A man from Skye, also a patient at 'the Wells,' and also in lowly circumstances, began to make various attempts to enter into conversation with Mary Kennedy. He, poor fellow, had come to the spa a rheumatic patient, and had been almost decrepit, but had improved considerably. He was middle-aged and unmarried; therefore, 'a lad,' as a single man is dubbed in the Highlands.

Whether he and Mary began by comparing notes regarding their convalescence or country, is not known; but, at all events, the Skyeman ultimately drifted into that interesting subject which finds expression and forms a happy theme all the world over. By degrees John Macrae the Skyeman and Mary Kennedy were seldom seen apart, until at length Mary, with more faltering and blushes than one would have expected from her forty years, told the ladies 'that John Macrae the tailor from Skye had said he wouldn't go back one step to Skye without her.'

The ladies, after their first surprise, became enthusiastic about the matter, and there and then determined that a marriage, and a marriage outfit, must ensue. With a foresight which reflected credit, they enlisted the sympathies of the gentlemen, who in turn became enthusiastic also; and now the result follows.

The minister was interviewed, and he became enthusiastic too, and doubly so after having written to the respective ministers of the bride and bridegroom-elect, and receiving therefrom satisfactory accounts.

The ladies and gentlemen would fain have seen the ceremony performed *al fresco* in the pleasure-grounds of the spa; but the worthy divine declined to permit such a proceeding, indicating that the holy ordinance must not be looked upon lightly. It was therefore arranged to take place in presence of a few privileged persons in the meeting-house where religious services were held.

On the bridal day, behold the bride drive slowly down from her lodgings on the heights! She sat on clean white straw, in a cart drawn by a white horse, whose head was decked with a knot of wild-flowers. She was dressed in a well-made cloth dress, shawl, and white straw bonnet; while her face was concealed by a long white veil.

After the interesting ceremony had been performed, the 'happy pair' ascended a dog-cart which was in waiting, and drove slowly into the inclosed space in front of the spa or pump-room. The hundreds of delighted and amused spectators cheered to the echo; and when that manifestation of pleasure had ceased, a deputation of ladies came forward and presented the bride with several good and useful presents, to help the plenishing of the new home. A deputation of gentlemen also presented the bridegroom with a suit of clothes, a hat, and some other things.

The worthy couple seemed overwhelmed with the kindness which had been showered on them; and after expressing their utmost thanks, drove away, amid deafening cheers, this time in the direction of the bridegroom's lodgings.

But the affair did not end here. At night, a dance was held in the ballroom of the spa, the admission ticket being one shilling. To that gay scene our bride and bridegroom drove in state again. It was a grand success. The demand for tickets was enormous; and, truth to tell, had our heroine been a vain woman, her head might fairly have been turned, so beset was she by suitors for her hand in every dance. The bridegroom was similarly in demand, and received great attentions from the ladies; and the total amount collected at the door and by

tickets was handed over to him; a sufficient sum to take both himself and his worthy mate home to 'the Isle of Mist,' and also help to make their humble abode more comfortable than in other circumstances it could have been.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

BOARD OF TRADE SUGGESTIONS REGARDING SEA-DIET.

ON a subject of so much importance to the health and well-being of our sailors as diet at sea, the following instructions to superintendents, issued by the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, are deserving of careful observance: 'Dietary Scales.—The attention of the Board of Trade having been drawn to the increase of scurvy on board British ships since 1873, a Report on the whole subject—"Sea-scurvy, Food-scales, Antiscorbutics"—has been recently prepared and forwarded to the local Marine Boards for their observations. The conclusions arrived at in this Report were as follows: (1) That scurvy has been on the increase in British ships since 1873. (2) That lime-juice, of itself, will not prevent scurvy, and that too much reliance is placed on it, to the neglect of varied food-scales. (3) That lime-juice, in connection with fresh or preserved meat and vegetables, may prevent scurvy. (4) That the dietary scale of ships should therefore include a fair proportion of fresh and preserved meats, as distinguished from salted meats. (5) That more fresh vegetables should be carried, notably raw potatoes. No satisfactory reason is given why fresh potatoes cannot be carried on board British ships. The allegation that they will not keep good on board ship is clearly disproved by the fact that they do keep on board United States' ships, and will keep for a fair time anywhere else. (6) That it is not at present desirable to insert a statutory scale of diet in the articles of agreement with crews serving on long voyages, though it may possibly be necessary hereafter, unless the shipowners themselves move in the matter. The replies received from the local Marine Boards have confirmed these views, especially as regards the articles of diet referred to therein, and superintendents are therefore requested to take every opportunity of urging upon owners of vessels sailing on long voyages the necessity of supplying their crews with fresh potatoes, molasses, &c., and a larger supply of fresh or preserved meats, in lieu of salt beef or pork.'

STRANGE FRIENDS.

On account of his unsocial disposition, the greyhound is so troublesome as to be excluded from many kennels. A gamekeeper in the North having one of these animals given into his charge, was for a while tormented by its noise and misconduct, and at last became obliged to turn him out to wander wherever he pleased. Now, there happened to be a pig on the same premises which also enjoyed freedom. To the astonishment of everybody, these two formed a fast friendship, so close that they fed together, slept together, and kept constantly in company, without the one ever showing the slightest hostility towards the other. The dog that had formerly kept up a perpetual quarrel among

his own race, now seemed anxious to accommodate himself to the ways of his new friend; while the pig in his turn seemed equally willing to stand high in the favour of the hound. After this state of things had gone on for some time, they came to understand something of the natural gifts of one another. Living on the confines of a moor where hares and rabbits abounded, they soon began to do a little quiet hunting on their own account. The hound being guided by sight more than by scent, found most difficulty in starting his prey; and here the pig, which appears to be endowed with an excellent scent, came to his assistance. Knowing what was required of him, piggy would trace the hare or rabbit to its lair, and then wait for his companion to do the rest. Thus guided, the hound would sometimes take the prey with one bound; or if he failed in that, he gave pursuit; and when the hare or rabbit was captured, returned with it to the pig, which immediately tore it to pieces, to be amicably devoured between them. The keeper, obliged to put a stop to this poaching, confined the pig; but the hound showed his constancy by following his friend to the sty, where he lived with him afterwards on the best of terms. Although the hound could leap over the sty-rails with the greatest ease, he never attempted to supply the *ménage* with more hares or rabbits.

INCOMPLETE.

Is't well when Spring's delicious, sweet dissembling
'Mid joy on joy fills Nature with delight,
That every thought which on our lips is trembling
Should be unspoken, though we read aright
The promises of May, and love's shy sembling?

Is't well in crimson of the roses' glory,
Amid the breathings of the flowery June,
That all our summer should be one sad story,
And all our music should be out of tune,
As though we sang of Spring when woods were hoary?

Is't well when meadow-lands are limed with heather,
Or yellow with the wealth of Autumn gold,
That we should wander not again together,
To reap the harvest of a hope once told
When life had bluer skies and fairer weather?

Is't well when closer knit by fireside pleasures,
And joys of home as Winter comes again,
That we should miss, in counting o'er our treasures,
One tender link—the brightest in the chain?
Enough! it is the Hand of God that measures.

HARRIET KENDALL.

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